

# Good Morning \$59

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch  
With the co-operation of Office of Admiral (Submarines)

## Meet Scientists as I know them

THREE years ago, the scientist, so far as I was concerned, was a rara avis—indeed, a bird unknown. To-day he is a familiar enough figure, and, despite my ignorance of chemistry and physics, a kindred spirit.

The only explanation I can offer for this congeniality is that in my experience the modern scientist is the direct antithesis of the traditional dreary pedant. He is light-hearted, good-natured, and easy-going.

I REMEMBER lurching one day in a country house near Oxford, when I sat next to a man whose appearance and personality seemed to be typical of a young man about town. He was tall, up-standing and well-dressed, and his "Guardian" moustache gave him a dashing military air. His conversation was cultivated and urbane. He had travelled a good deal and was very interested in the theatre.

Coming in late, I did not catch his name, so imagine my surprise when, on returning to my office, I learnt that he was the new research chemist, among other things a Doctor of Philosophy. Three years ago, I should have thought of a Doctor of Philosophy as an absent-minded, carelessly dressed, pernickety old gentleman!

But even the elderly and distinguished scientists I have met do not always conform to the rules. They are neat, well-groomed, and very human. One of them I know has a passion for taking snapshots of everyone, from the managing director down to the telephone operators and office boys, while another invariably offers one a boiled sweet on going into his

Mary Yorke, well-known woman interviewer says

## Wool-Gatherer? Nonsense!



## Come down our pretty fruity Column

(Suggests

Ron Garth)

NEW fruit for old!

Blackberries as large as strawberries, apples almost without cores, shaved and hairless gooseberries. Un-suspected fruits from the far ends of the earth, lasting delicacies with a formerly short-lived flavour. These will be the fruity new fruits you'll be enjoying after the war.

In experimental fruit stations, testing gardens and laboratories, soil scientists have been making the most of the war years.

After seven years of stringent tests, for instance, the John Innes blackberry has been evolved, its large, juicy berries available for a three-months season. At present, 36 new types of raspberries are under trial. Taking that fruit seriously, the experts have spent time and money in trying to evolve a fruit with more pulp and less seed which will retain the subtle flavour of the wild variety.

The Veitchberry, crossing the raspberry and the hedge blackberry, may soon make a valuable addition to our soft fruits. Gooseberries have been falling from favour, ousted in public taste by cherry plums. The newly evolved hairless gooseberry is the answer.

So widespread is the hunt for new fruit that the trial ground of the Royal Horticultural Society at Wisley has no less than 22 acres occupied by fruits "under trial."

A fruit explorer recently penetrated to the mountains of Colombia, South America—and found blackberries as large as oranges. Bringing back seeds and samples to Britain, an attempt will be made to grow the fruit under hot-house conditions.

Thanks to war methods of storage, the li-ichi, a grape-like fruit that has for years been the joy of the gourmet and the despair of the fruit-importer, will be able to travel satisfactorily after the war. The mango, that Indian favourite which was once too delicate to cross the ocean, can now be sent anywhere in perfect condition. The mangosteen will arrive from the heart of the Himalayas. Its soft white globules were once the exclusive delight only of epicures.

The Cape gooseberry is a winner from South Africa. From Ceylon comes the rambutan, a bright red fruit containing a sweet white jelly. Persimmons, monstero-gloriosos . . . they've been known for years in the native markets of the East. New forms of packing and refrigeration can bring them to Britain.

Thanks to the Government's Low Temperature Research Station at Cambridge, it has been proved that even strawberries can be frozen in syrup for as long as two years with no loss of flavour. Mangosteens and papaws can be kept even longer.

The apple industry keeps equally swift pace with the times. At the Dittom Laboratory at East Malling, researchers have been working on the problems of gassing apples to sleep, and reviving them, fresh and unimpaired. As a result,

they have exposed a closely guarded secret apples have kept since the Garden of Eden.

As apples ripen, they produce, as part of their aroma, a vapour of active ethylene gas. It stimulates neighbouring apples to mature and brings about the important practical effect that a batch of apples, stored together, can be counted upon to ripen at the same time.

No less new is the news that the goodness of apples can be standardised by electric readings. According to its goodness, the apple administers the shock—and British apples have already proved that they're live wires!

## Sunday Thoughts

In the beauty of the hills Christ was born, across the sea,  
With a glory in His bosom that transfigures you and me:

As He died to make men holy, let us die to make men free.

"Battle Hymn of the American Republic."

The meanest floweret of the vale,  
The simplest note that swells the gale,  
The common sun, the air, the skies,  
To him are opening paradise.

Thomas Gray  
(1716-1771).

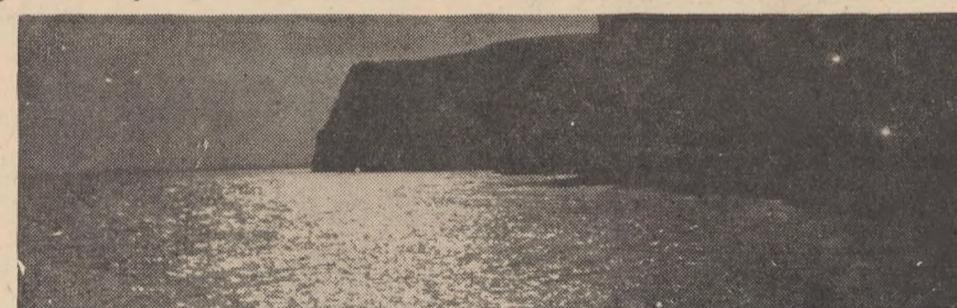
Goodness does not more certainly make men happy than happiness makes them good.

W. S. Landor.

He never wants anything but what's right and fair; only when you come to settle what's right and fair, it's everything that he wants and nothing that you want. And that's his idea of a compromise. Give me the Brown compromise when I'm on his side.

"Tom Brown's Schooldays."

## Once Again, Beneath the Surface



With AL MALE

I AM not going to argue this week. I am going to try to explain. I have been asked what was the origin, and what is the meaning of, the Eucharist.

So here goes. Prepare for diving. It means really getting "beneath the surface."

Eucharist was one of the ancient titles of the central sacramental rites of the Christian Church.

It may be regarded as the Greek equivalent of the Hebrew "Berakkah," which was the Jewish blessing addressed to the Creator at meals; but in the early Church this blessing had special reference to Jesus.

There have been other names for Eucharist—Communion, Holy Communion, Mass, Oblation.

One of the earliest mentions of Eucharist was that of Paul's when he wrote to the Corinthians and told them that their conduct at the meal had wiped out the religious significance.

It was the custom of the Corinthian believers each to bring his own food and to eat it without sharing it with his neighbours. The rich had better food than the poorer members; and that, said Paul truly, was no "Lord's Supper." It was merely a satisfaction of the appetite.

Now, the real Lord's Supper is of quite a different type.

The tradition of it, as Paul told the Corinthians plainly, came from Jesus. "The Lord Jesus," he says, "on the night on which He was betrayed, took bread, and having given thanks, broke it and said: This is My body which is for your sake. . . . This cup is the new covenant in My blood. This do, as often as you drink it, in memory of Me."

There have been some doubts as to the interpretation of the and His disciples; and, when

the Master was taken away, the meal and its significance continued.

The original company with Jesus believed that the ceremony was inseparable from that of the presence of their Master.

They believed, no doubt, that their risen Lord was always present when the meal was eaten; and they remembered His words.

And then entered various other interpretations of His words. Some insisted that the words "this is My body, this is My blood" were to be taken literally. I cannot here go into all that, for there have been divisions of opinion that would require so much writing that it would become tedious.

Having said all this, let me tell you of a man I know.

It occurred in the land that lies down near the Panama Canal, a land where men died swiftly and without warning from disease, pestilence, and otherwise.

Down there, sitting alone on the edge of the jungle, was a Scot (Calvinist at that!) who was pretty sick, pretty worn out, pretty lonely, too.

"I repeated the prayer, 'Just as I am, without one plea.' . . . Isn't that the only way we can presume to talk to the Almighty?"

Next time you break bread, think of that, and meantime, Good Hunting.

Your letters are welcome! Write to  
"Good Morning"  
c/o Press Division,  
Admiralty,  
London, S.W.1

## MOUNTAIN, WOOD AND COUNTRYSIDE

By Fred Kitchen

### Greed was the young Crow's Downfall

THE reaper was clattering its way through the long grass steps a little nearer and paused when Bill pulled up short, as a ready to strike, when her partridge ran out in front of the greedy offspring rushed in and horses' heads and crouched spoiled her design.

She was followed by ten little baby chicks, who, finding the concealing grass had suddenly come to an end, squatted down immediately, and were in danger of being trampled underfoot by the horses.

Bill picked them up one by one and placed them in his hat, looking admiringly at their soft downy feathers as he carried them to a safe distance.

He tipped them out on the new-mown swath, knowing the old hen would soon find them, and went back to the reaper.

He then noticed another visitor had come to the field, an old crow, accompanied by its half-grown youngster, was busily digging up grubs and beetles not far away from the partridge chicks.

She evidently knew a thing or two, and had found that the soil in the meadow retained its moisture—and beetles—better than did the sun-baked pastures.

She needed some easy digging, for that rapacious youngster gave her no rest, and with fluttering wings and ever-open beak, demanded more and more grubs and beetles.

The old crow kept digging away while the going was good, content in having found such a good pitch, never once taking thought to feed herself—and never once did that greedy, over-fed youngster offer to dig for himself.

He railed and stormed at each delay—presenting his fluttering wings at each find and swallowing each morsel as though life was one long feed.

She suddenly stopped digging, and stared sideways, for crouched before her was a striped partridge chick. It was slow work, and seemingly hopeless, trying to fill that ever-open craw with grubs—and a partridge-chick would fill up the void considerably.

### THINK THESE OVER TO-DAY

Of Law there can be no less acknowledged than that her seat is the bosom of God, her voice the harmony of the world. All things in heaven and earth do her homage—the very least as feeling her care, and the greatest as not exempted from her power.

Richard Hooker  
(1553-1600).

Let no man value at a little price  
A virtuous woman's coun-  
sel; her wing'd spirit  
Is feather'd oftentimes with  
heavenly words.

George Chapman  
(1557-1634).

To be of no church is dangerous. Religion, of which the rewards are distant, and which is animated only by faith and hope, will glide by degrees out of the mind unless it be invigorated and re-impressed by external ordinances, by stated calls to worship, and the salutary influence of example.

Dr. Samuel Johnson.

Take away the sword—  
States can be saved without  
it!

Lord Lytton.



YO, HO, AND TWENTY GALLONS!

WHAT'S this—a fireman's oxy-acetylene tube? No, sirree! It's the original smuggler's Long John.

In the "Good Old Days," when rum was rum and the only devil the Revenue Man—this was the way the Nelson's Blood of those times was rum across the Channel—twenty gallons apiece, and scores of them at a time.

Beer—no, not the refreshment—the Devon village near Seaton, was where this one came from. Beer Bay was a famous smugglers' haunt, and Long Johns were landed in hundreds on the pebble beach before smuggling was finally quashed.

### The sad Tale of Steven the Swan

(Told by Ron Richards)

been a credit to the community.

Steven is probably in his late twenties now, though, of course, it is difficult to tell, because life wasn't always easy for him, and worry ages any living thing.

It was, as is so often the case, tragedy that put Steven's name into print; like so many others, he would have lived and died in seclusion had it not been for a disastrous event.

True, there was no one to blame but himself, but so many times had he boarded the tankers at the quay that he regarded them as one might regard a park seat. He was taking his constitutional one day and spotted a

new arrival; it was a British tanker, and new to Steven, so he boarded her. Crossing the deck, he caught a leg in a hawser and became trapped. Some of the crew arrived and tried to rescue him, shouting, "Keep still, you fool—we can't help you when you're jumping about like this."

But Steven was in pain and he became frantic. He got so mad that he lashed out at his would-be rescuers. His shrieks were heard all over the town.

Eventually they got him loose, and he lay utterly exhausted, his head cut and

bruised and an eye closed. He was covered with oil, and wanted only to die.

He was taken to the police station and later to the hospital. But he didn't like the smell of the hospital, so he walked out—and has been walking aimlessly around ever since.

Each day means a different street for Steve. He just wanders about, and when he feels hungry, taps the first door he finds, and mostly the folk he calls on feed him, just out of sympathy.

After all, who wouldn't feed a poor old swan that was covered in oil, lame, and half-blind?

### THIS STRANGE WORLD

The sky-blue pigment ultramarine is obtained from lapis lazuli, a stone found in the East, notably Persia and Tibet. But a cheaper grade is produced by grinding and heating a mixture of clay, sulphur, carbonate of soda and resin.

The Tynwald, or Parliament, of the Isle of Man, which includes the Governor and Council, and the House of Keys, the representative assembly, almost constitutes Home Rule, for the Acts it passes simply need the assent of the Sovereign.

Hyacinth flowers, according to Greek mythology, sprang from the blood of a beautiful youth named Hyacinthus, who was killed by accident by Apollo while playing quoits.

Marshalsea Prison stood near St. George's Church, in Southwark. Originally a house of detention for Royal servants convicted of offences, it became later a debtors' prison. A good picture of the Marshalsea is given by Charles Dickens in his "Little Dorrit."

The lyre bird of Australia is not more than 15in. long, but the male has a beautiful lyre-shaped tail, which it carries erect, 23in. in length.

Kunzite is unique among gems in possessing wonderful fluorescence. Peach-pink in colour, it becomes phosphorescent upon exposure to the action of the X-rays or radium bromide, and remains so for a considerable time after removal. If placed in the dark, after exposure to X-rays, it will photograph itself upon a piece of sensitive paper. It was discovered by Professor George F. Kunz, President of the New York Mineralogical Club, in San Diego, California.

Evidence that England once had a warmer climate than she enjoys to-day is found in London Clay, a peculiar formation which crops up in various parts of London, notably at Highgate, and is rich in fossils—birds, quadrupeds, reptiles, fruits and fish.

J. S. Newcombe

### How far does a fellow walk?

(Asks John Fleetwood)

But now most country postmen are equipped with bicycles, and these classic performances have become an interesting epic of the past. Records to-day are set up by the athletic girl with leg-stretching feats of some 10,000 steps a day, or nearly five miles, without "extras."

To comply with the urgent medical axiom, "two hours' exercise a day," we should walk (or take the equivalent in other physical exercise) at least four miles daily.

Many of us fulfil the medical dictum without knowing it. Even the high-heeled office girl easily reaches this minimum; observant statisticians have placed her daily average at a good 8,000 steps.

A Kentish postman, completing 44 years of rural mail work, claims to have travelled in the path of duty well over 335,000 miles—a good deal further than from the earth to the moon. On his retirement his younger colleagues considered he had earned a rest, and presented him with a fireside chair.

To walk much and regularly is to live long—so it seems. Another postman, James Leighton, tramped three miles up the Kirkstone Pass (1,500 feet) every day for 40 years to deliver letters.

That was some 75,000 miles of pretty stiff going, and old James lived to a ripe 85 years.

A bus conductor is estimated to climb up and down his steps to the tune of a daily four miles. A waitress in a fair-sized restaurant, serving an average of two courses to 100 persons a day, walks some 100 yards for each customer. She therefore covers an average of five to six miles per day. A patrolling policeman, however, does a good 14, a farmer as much as 15.

They get through a good few pairs of boots, too, these folk who foot it. Two years ago, Julio Berizbeitia, a Venezuelan Boy Scout, finished a four-year 20,000-mile walking tour of the Americas, in which he wore out 50 pairs of good stout shoes.

Another Scout, a Kentucky lad, foot-slogged 250 miles to see the Chief Scout when he paid a visit to Louisville some years ago. And wasn't there a British Army sergeant who tramped all over the world for six years, covering 37,000 miles and disposing of 32 pairs of Army-type boots?

These folk—like ardent football fans who have walked 200, even 300, miles to see their favourite team play—knew more or less what they were tackling. But it is the distances we cover unconsciously, as we go about the day's work, that are often so surprising.

Recently, a business man thought he'd take a pedometer to the office. Including the spurt to and from the station at both ends of his journey, his perambulations between departments and the break for lunch, the instrument registered his daily exercise as an average of four miles.

If, when home on Saturdays, he set to with a 12-inch mower and cut his lawns and surroundings and a few grass verges, he could easily add the best part of another two miles to his already weekly total of 22 miles.

But the record stepper of all—so a chiropody expert estimates, and we may well credit his figures—is the housewife, busy with housework, husband and children. She averages 12,000 steps, or nearly six miles, every day. This, at a mere six days a week for, say, thirty years (it might be fairer to put it at seven days a week for a lifetime) totals well over 50,000 miles—more than twice round the world.



# BUCK RYAN

By the time Buck Ryan has reached the flight deck the Kawanisi, flying 'blind', is far out at sea



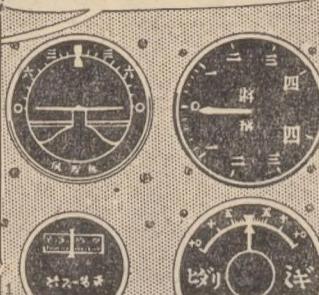
GOSH, WHAT A SITUATION! NO LAND IN SIGHT AND ALL THE INSTRUMENTS MARKED IN JAPANESE IDEOGRAPHS. AND THE FOLKS AT HOME SAY THAT PAY-AS-YOU-EARN TAX GIVES THEM A HEADACHE!



HAVE YOU DISCOVERED WHERE WE ARE YET, BUCK?



THINK OF A NUMBER, DOUBLE IT, TAKE AWAY THE FIRST NUMBER YOU THOUGHT OF AND THE ANSWER IS IN IDEOGRAPHS!



WE GODS, WHAT A PROBLEM: EVERY INSTRUMENT MARKED IN JAPANESE! WHICH DIRECTION ARE WE FLYING?

SOUTH - ACCORDING TO THE SUN, SIT HERE AND PLUG INTO THE INTER-COM. ZOLA. SAVES SHOUTING



WE MUST BE SOMEWHERE SOUTH OF BURMA. CAN'T WE TURN BACK FOR CALCUTTA OR CEYLON?



DON'T FORGET THAT THIS IS A JAP KITE: JUICY BAIT FOR THE R.N. THE R.A.F. AND THE U.S.A.A.F!



CRIMEY, I DON'T WANT MY EPITAPH TO BE A JAP FLAG ON THE COCK-PILOT OF AN INTERCEPTOR



WELL, THROW IN THE ACK-ACK DEFENCE TOO AND THE ODDS ARE 4 TO 1 THAT WE END UP THAT WAY



JUST STAY PUT WHILE I SEE IF OUR LATE NAVIGATOR LEFT HIS HOME-WORK ON THE TABLE



THE NAVIGATOR'S CHART. HE MUST HAVE PLOTTED A COURSE BEFORE WE DEALT WITH HIM

HE'S DRAWN A LINE FROM BURMA TO THE TIP OF DUTCH NEW GUINEA. THE PLACE NAMES ARE IN IDEOGRAPHS BUT THE CONTOURS OF THE SUNDA ISLANDS AND BORNEO ARE UNMISTAKABLE

SO IT LOOKS LIKE OUR LIEUTENANT'S THEORY WAS CORRECT WHEN HE SUGGESTED THAT THE JAPS WERE ROBBING THE BURMA RICE FIELDS TO FEED THEIR FIGHTING FORCES



YES, AND MACARTHUR'S BOYS HAVE GIVEN 'EM SUCH A MAULING IN NEW GUINEA THAT THEY MUST BE MIGHTY HUNGRY BY NOW. I'LL BET THEY ARE PRAYING FOR THIS KITE-LOAD OF RICE



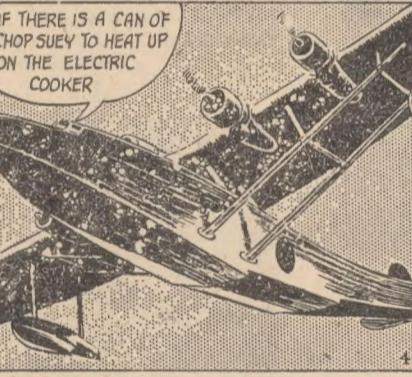
WE MUST BE OVER THE SOUTH CHINA SEA, ACCORDING TO THE COMPASS 'GEORGE' IS STEERING A COURSE OF 120°. IF WE DON'T HAVE TO ALTER COURSE WE SHOULD HIT NEW GUINEA



WITH LUCK - WE MIGHT FIND HOLLANDIA BUT, WHILE 'GEORGE' IS A FAITHFUL PILOT, HE DOESN'T ALLOW FOR DRIFT



SO I'LL SEE IF THERE IS A SMOKE-BOMB TO DROP FOR WIND DIRECTION. AND WHILE I'M EXPLORING I'LL SEE -



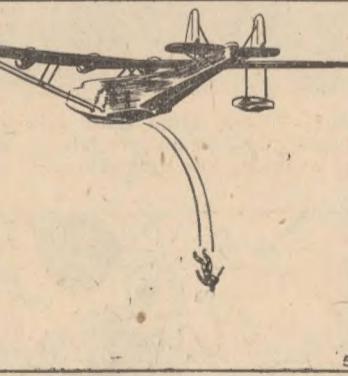
IF THERE IS A CAN OF CHOP SUEY TO HEAT UP ON THE ELECTRIC COOKER



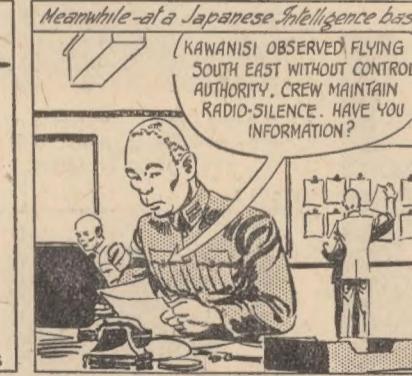
I'LL TAKE THIS OPPORTUNITY TO DUMP THOSE DEAD JAPS WHILE ZOLA CAN'T SEE ME



IT'S A REVOLTING JOB BUT - MUST DO. IF WE ARE CAPTURED AND THESE FIVE NIPS ARE FOUND, IT'S TORTURE FOR US



5



Meanwhile - at a Japanese Intelligence base (KAWANISI OBSERVED FLYING SOUTH EAST WITHOUT CONTROL AUTHORITY. CREW MAINTAIN RADIO-SILENCE. HAVE YOU INFORMATION?)



INTELLIGENCE TO AIR ARM. REPORTS TO HAND REVEAL KAWANISI TOOK OFF FROM ADVANCE LAKE-SIDE BASE DURING ENEMY PATROL RAID. POSSIBILITY OF DAMAGE MAY ACCOUNT FOR RADIO-SILENCE BUT FLEET AIR ARM INFORMED



HERE YOU ARE, ZOLA. I FOUND A CAN OF MEAT BALLS OF SOME SORT. THEY TASTE GOOD



I'M SO HUNGRY THAT I COULD ALMOST EAT A BOWL OF BRITISH-CANNED SOUP AND BELIEVE THAT IT WAS SOUP



IF YOU CAN'T WORK THE CHOP-STICKS, SPEAR THEM

LOOK!

IS IT A JAP?

WE'LL SOON KNOW!

## STAMP MARKET NEWS

By J.S. Newcombe —

IT is to be expected that when new operations of war open up philatelic interest should revive in the countries affected. Recently, Moldavia, Ukraine, Georgia and Azerbaijan were again talked about, and no doubt many collectors gave a speculative thought to their Moldavian "bulls".

Now collectors are thinking of the Baltic States of Lithuania, Latvia and Estonia, which became stamp-issuing countries after the Great War, when their independence was established.

Quite what they are thinking rests with the individual, but personally I regard the Baltic States as dogs with a bad name. Some day soberer counsels may accord them more attention and respect.

Estonia brought out a provisional issue at Wesenberg in 1918 of 738 stamps in five values. These were Russian stamps from newspaper wrappers overprinted "EESTI—(RAKWERE)" and surcharged.



So crude was the design of the first Lithuanian stamps, they can hardly be said to have design in the postal sense of the word.

Pleading the want of suitable paper, Latvia made its philatelic debut with a set of stamps printed on the backs of ordnance maps left behind by the Germans. To-day, a complete map can be bought at no high cost with 228 stamps on the back.

It was not long before Latvia resorted to bank-notes and even cigarette papers for the printing of her postage stamps. But remember that her forests had been wantonly destroyed by the Germans. Riga, the greatest timber port in the world, stood stricken and idle at the end of the war.

The philatelic history of Estonia is a less eventful story than that of her sister states, and she had no Vilna to complicate it. The Rakwere overprints are, to say the least, of questionable authenticity; and of equally doubtful character is the issue of certain German stamps overprinted "Postgebiet Ob-Ost," with a further overprint of the word "EESTL".



But the first definitive issue marked the beginning of a fairly conventional series of postage stamps. Though poor in design, it was saved from mediocrity by being lithographed on plain white or tone paper of good quality.

On May 2, 1920, came an issue imperforate and perforate of Russian stamps of the arms types overprinted "EESTI POST," and since these had full Government status they are highly priced by Gibbons.

The perforate 1 kopek orange is valued at £175, mint or used. Gibbons prints a warning against forged overprints.

Many forgeries exist, also, of the first air mail issue of March, 1920. This is a 5-mark triangular printed in three colours and intended for the air carriage from Reval to Helsingfors in Finland. Over half a million of these stamps were printed.



Alas, only two genuine official flights took place. For the ice broke in the Gulf of Finland, and with the normal means of communication restored the mail resumed its passage by boat.

Illustrated in this column are four stamps picturing Jugoslavian towns, and two long format stamps commemorating the 1942 Postal Congress at Vienna. The latter are particularly well designed.

# Good Morning



A mere forty years ago, and look what happened ! Six-cylinder - self - super - charging - bi - valve - rotating - undulating - speedster model with guaranteed violet-smelling exhaust. M.p.h.? Oh, what did that matter !



Uncle Cuthbert, Auntie Carolina and young Master Herbert get together for the evening concerto. "Blush Not, Gentle Maiden," was the favourite that whiled away the wistful tedium of those winter evenings. Flute, recorder and harp made a most elegant sound, my dear, and no one said "Swing it, Carolina."



Pictures in the fire. This stylish young lady dreams of her lover as she gazes over her what-not into the blazing hearth. The more she thinks of him, the more she shows her boots. But then, young Emily always was a daring young baggage, with her furbelows and tittifalals.



And here's the wicked set ! Straight from the murky depths of Bloomsbury, all ready to have a dash at nature in the true Whistler tradition.

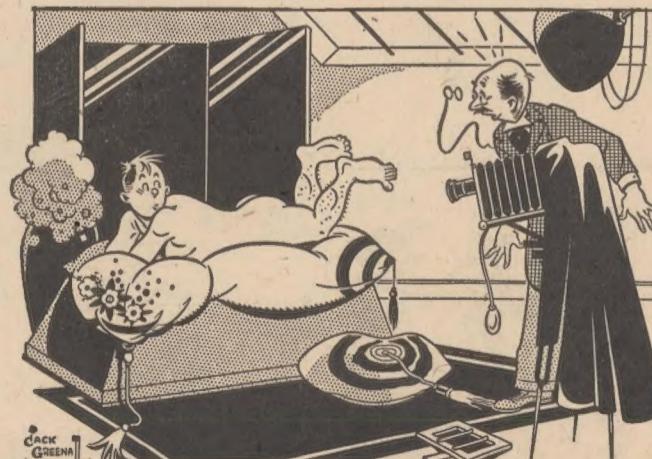
## FAMILY ALBUM



Grandma and Grandpa in the good old dashing days, when moustachios were moustachios, and a fellow could have his photo taken with his Homberg on. Natty winged-collar, satin cravat, and that solid gold horseshoe tie-pin were all part of that super-Sunday get-up.



"My! My! What's this? The original Land Army? No, it's Great-Aunt Gertrude and her buxom friend, all set 'pour le sport' of shooting the dickey-bird."



"It's for the Family Album—Ma's lost my baby photo!!"



"Wait for it! Wait for it!" Down comes Aunt Ermintrude's forty-seventh petticoat — you know, the one with reversible gussets in the rear. The pulley from the ceiling was Uncle Algernon's Christmas notion. But it had to be helped out, as you see, by two dolly-sticks to prevent the reversible gussets from creasing.



Home from his labours in the City, is the lord and master — and could a man relax in those days with his slippers on the footstool, the family rug around his knees, and the gentle ministrations of Mamma, whispering softly into his ear: "Would you prefer claret or hock with your underdone chicken?"